You're in my Veins

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You're in my Veins

by Angstyfandom_happyending

Summary

They were intertwined - like muscles overlaid on bones, like the network of arteries and veins twisting and branching - little parts making up the whole, inseparable and interdependent.

He couldn't tear himself away from him - couldn't survive the shock of living without something so important.

His love - because he loved him, he was a fool but not a liar - was like a phantom limb torn apart and still aching.

Those eyes with depthless curiosity and something unnameable arrested his frayed senses, jolting them awake from the blissful numbness that he had welcomed and demanded reparations.

As if it was Will who betrayed him in the most intimate and blasphemous way, as if it was Will who threatened to take his life away - his freedom.

As if it was Will who left him gutted, with his innards spilling out and not him who reached down to the depths of his heart and squeezed the life out of it.

"Will, you're here."

Notes

It has taken me ages to come back to this. I hope I will be able to give this story a proper end. It was always on mind, even when I wasn't working on it. I have nothing written out, will post as I finish with ond chapter. I think it will be few chapters long, who knows.
Thanks to everyone who showed the previous work so much love and support.
This is a sequel, so I guess if you're just coming across this it's best to read the previous one for some context.
But anyways please let me know how you like it, your comments really make my day!

The victim was a teenager – thirteen to seventeen years of age with blonde short hair and darker complexion. There was no positive ID on the victim, no previous dental records or missing persons report filed with a matching description. She was underweight, her stained teeth and puncture wounds littering her arms told of a difficult live when she was alive. Aside from the bruises and lacerations on her body which were inflicted by the murderer, there were layers of cuts – silver patches of skin, some healed and some relatively recent across the inside of her forearms and her inner thighs. The Watermelon Jane Doe, as she had been posthumously renamed after the necklace with a watermelon found on her body when she was recovered from the side of the busy highway, was someone who was doing her best to survive in a world that had long forsaken her.
The close – up picture of her face – battered and swollen, one eye open with the other too busted up, seemed to say something quietly. Some of her teeth were removed, her jaw was broken and there was strangulation marks around her neck.

But that was not the cause of death. She was found naked, discarded from a moving vehicle based on the manner in which she was found and the abrasions sustained on her body. She had been on the side of the road, amidst the dried up bushes for a good number of days before a man who had gotten outside to take a leak off the highway had the misfortune of stumbling upon her.

She had been on hormones, obtained illegally because there were no records with her name, had probably recently started. There was a gash at her centre. *Gash* was an understatement.

The crime scene photographs showed unmitigated horror of a blunt force trauma to her pelvic region coupled with thirteen stab wounds to her stomach and pelvis.

She was partially castrated.

She was only one of the four other victims who had been discovered in the past two months. All of the victims were teenagers, most likely homeless or runaways, living on the street and trying to survive in a world that was all too happy to ignore their existence. All of them were transgender people at different stages of their journey. All found beaten, stabbed and mutilated.
The thing that made the case difficult to begin with, was that all of the four murders took place states away from one another. The most recent one was discovered a week ago, with the estimated time of death somewhere between 12-15 days in Carroll County. The oldest one was the nearly decomposed remains of a John Doe from Delaware. The other two were from Connecticut and New Jersey.

Each murder took place a week apart, all of them most likely happened on the weekends. All of the victims were sex workers in some capacity, and all of them had the misfortune of meeting the travelling killer.

Will let out a deep breath, his eyes scanning the pages of report. He could hear whispers of things said by something immaterial. Phantom bruises bloomed on his bodies but he knew there weren't any wounds on his self. The pain was still there, or the anticipation of the kind of pain she went through in those moments of death as it loomed. The gnarly patch of skin on his arm throbbed in vengeance and he ignored it for the sake of meeting the pensive glare from Jack as he sat behind his oak wood desk.

Will was grateful for his silence, though it grated on his nerves even more than if he'd actually allow the words to be said.

"The killer didn't solicit them for sex, though they must have made the victims believe it was what they wanted. This isn't a case of drunken fumbling in the dark turned to murderous rage upon perceived deception. The killer knew exactly who they were, why they were there. The killer wanted the victims to know exactly why they were being punished, wanted to stretch their consciousness as much as possible during the torture. That's why the wounds sustained by them aren't major or fatal. None of them succumbed to the beatings. All of them died due to extensive external haemorrhage caused by either genital mutilation or stabbing or both. The killer is not covetous of the identities of the victims. The killer doesn't want to become them, doesn't envy their bodies."
His eyes stopped at another victim's face, the side of his face purple and black, both of his eyes open and glazed over – naked and tumbling out of the overturned dumpster in an backway alley in Dover, Delaware.

"He…" The words got stuck in his throat. The emotion didn't sit right, the voices in his head had become even more indecipherable. Like the swooshing of turbulent winds crashing against an old window. He didn't understand why he felt that the killer had felt something akin to regret. Nothing in his actions showed that. These kids were brutalized at the hands of a sick bastard. But there was something missing in the tableau, something he couldn't quite place.

"'He'," Jack prodded, finally breaking the silence.

Will shook his head, he slid the reports and photographs towards Jack.

"That is all I have, I'm afraid. I told you, can't do my old trick anymore."

Jack gave him a long look, his lips pursed and fingers drumming an errant beat on the desk. Will was more curious about everything that Jack was trying to keep inside him than the ghost of disappointment flashing in his eyes.

“You don’t think this is a hate crime?”

“Oh, it’s a hate crime for sure. But the perp is not the garden-variety of loud-mouth and obnoxious pieces of shit you’d find making a scene out in the open or crying out against movies or what not on social media. His hate is not so black and white. There will be some fucked-up variation of nuance to the way he hates. Two of the victims were staying in a LGBTQ supporting youth shelters, right? One of them even had decent security,"

Before Jack could respond, Will got up front the chair, walking towards the board with a map and the places where the victims had been found marked. The third victim who went around by the name Dotty found in Connecticut looked like a promising lead.

“You should focus more on finding out who she talked with during her brief stay in Connecticut. The perp was able to stand the people enough to go here and most likely conversed with the victim. The shelter reported her missing and the last time anyone had seen her was during the lunch queue. That should be a good enough lead.”

“I already have someone looking into that.”

Will hummed. “Why do you want me to talk to Hannibal?”

Behind him, Jack was quiet. Will allowed the pause to grow between them, slowly emerging as its own being in the pristine glass office of the BAU. The name uttered so tonelessly, loud in the echoing silence of the office seemed like a transgression, as if that name should be spoken in hushed tones, or omitted completely from conversations. Will wasn’t looking forward to doing any of that. If Will had to suffer the consequences of their happy reunion, he’d make sure that Jack would give him company.

“He knows something about someone related to this case. He’s made it abundantly clear that he wouldn’t utter a single word without your presence.”

“And how did he make it *abundantly* clear?”

“He refuses to speak. He hasn’t said anything in almost a month after he disclosed the fact he

might know something about this string of murders. Chilton is already crawling the walls in desperation, and yet Lecter is not amused."

"Come now, Jack. Don't play coy with me. You've brought me all the way from Florida to Baltimore not to save poor little Frederick. Why do you need my help to solve this case when you already have a pattern and a victim profile? Don't tell me the great FBI has lost its sharpness chasing errant soulmate cases-"

Will stopped abruptly, something clicking in place and those whispered noises reaching a shrill peak.

He turned around, his body rigid and his gaze furious. Jack averted his eyes, leaning back in his chair.

"What did you do," Will's voice was steady, betraying the storm of emotions that was clawing up his insides.

Of course, of course Jack would send someone as an offering to the hungry beast. He never learnt when to let the sleeping monsters sleep.
When Jack spoke his voice was resigned. The weight of the years came heavily down on his frame. His broad shoulders dropped slightly, his face set in grim acceptance.

"Her name is Starling. Agent Clarice Starling. She is the one who saw the connection between these murders across the states. She found a connection and chased it to Lecter."

"*You fool!"* Will spat and turned on his heels.

The cold bite of December winds did nothing to soothe the raging tempest inside him. Jack's words played on a loop in is mind, drowning the whispers and overwhelming his senses. His guts twisted, his fists clenched and nails digging into his skin at the thought that Jack dared to repeat the same mistake again.

He hailed a cab, giving him directions to the hotel he was staying on autopilot, trying not to scratch at the mottled skin on his arm.

He shouldn't have come back. What was he thinking? There was nothing left for him in this wretched place, nothing for him to gain and nothing awaiting him but pain and darkness.
For a second he thought he saw Beverley standing by a curb as the cab stopped for a red

signal. Will huffed a laugh, laying his sweaty temple against the cold glass. At least his ghosts were here to keep him company.

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